



BATMAN

No. 125

JULY

Ten Cents

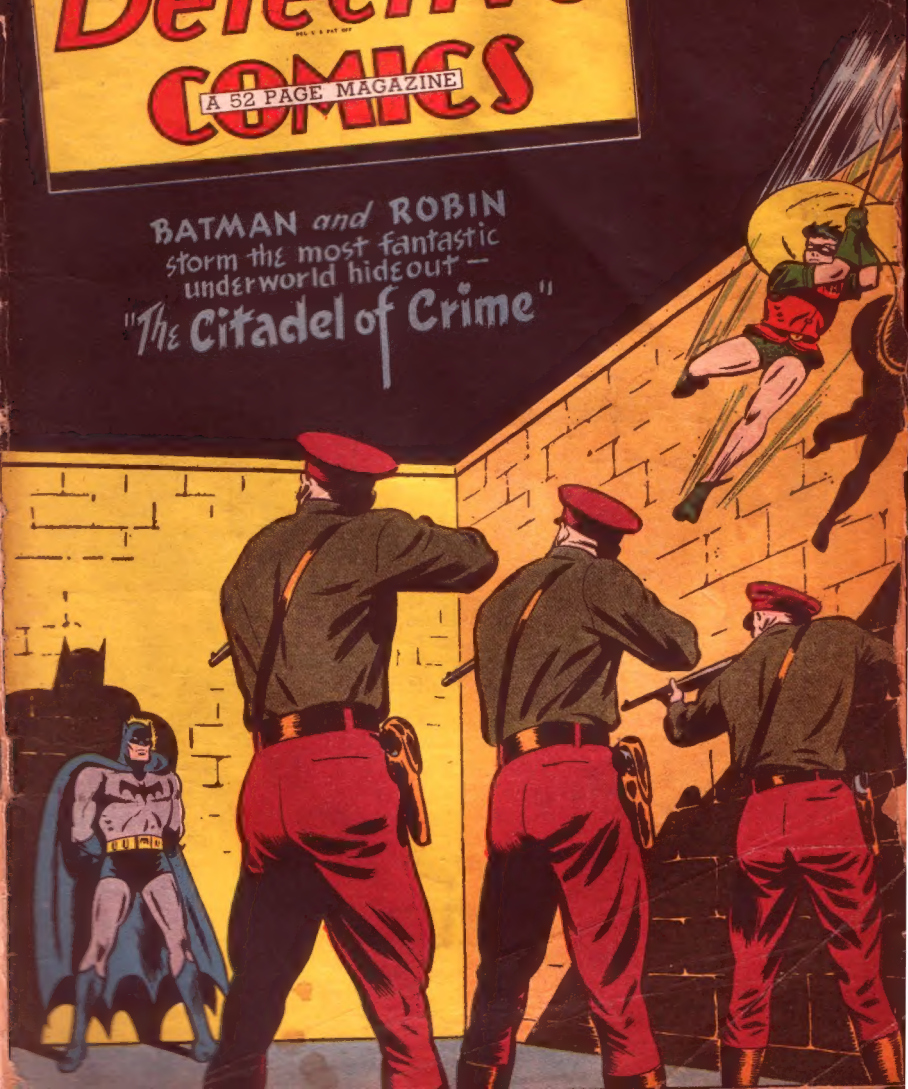


Julius Schwartz

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

BATMAN and ROBIN
storm the most fantastic
underworld hideout —
"The Citadel of Crime"



Kodak

"Never miss—do you, champ?"

... we simply couldn't get along
without you and your snaps."

The fellow who takes pictures is likely to be the man in demand with the gang. For people like to see pictures of fun and friends... like to be in them... and they give straight A's to the man behind the camera.

You'll find it so easy to take these friendly snapshots, right from the start! Just load up your camera, take aim, and "click." With Kodak Verichrome Film it's hard to miss... it takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.



Brownie Reflex
Synchro model

In ever increasing supply. This camera's a cinch to use! Has a hooded view finder that shows what you take—as you take it—actual picture size. Uses Kodak No. 127 Film... 12 negatives, 1½" square, per roll. Synchronized, too, for flash. Camera, \$7.50, plus tax. Accessory Flashholder, \$3.45.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

HELP WANTED — MALE.

ONLY EX-CONVICTS NEED APPLY! FOR TOP SECRET WORK IN DESERT FACTORY! APPLICANTS MUST SIGN UP FOR THREE YEARS, SEVER ALL CONTACT WITH OUTSIDE WORLD! INFRACTIONS OF THESE RULES MEAN **DEATH!**

WOULD THE ABOVE AD INTRIGUE YOU? AND WOULD YOU DARE THE DANGERS IT SUGGESTS TO PENETRATE THE MYSTERY BEHIND IT? **BATMAN AND ROBIN DO —** AND YOU'LL GET A THRILL FOR YOUR MONEY IF YOU FOLLOW THEM INTO ...

"The CITADEL of CRIME!"



DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 125. July, 1947. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

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Printed in U.S.A.

OUT IN THE WESTERN DESERT, A RIFLE
CRACKS SHARPLY...

THAT GOT 'IM!

OHHH!



AND THE KILLERS GALLOP OFF, SAT-
ISFIED THAT THEIR FATALLY WOUNDED
QUARRY WILL DIE...

MUST KEEP
GOING... GOT
TO WARN
BATMAN...



HOURS LATER, HE
CRAWLS INTO A
SMALL TOWN ON
THE DESERT'S
EDGE...

SECRET
CITY... GET
HELP... TELL
BATMAN...
AAHHHH!



PRESENTLY, IN GOTHAM CITY, AN
S.O.S. IN THE SKY SUMMONS TWO
WORLD-FAMOUS CRIME-BUSTERS!



LET'S
GO,
ROBIN!

THE
BAT SIGNAL,
BATMAN!
COMMISSIONER
GORDON NEEDS
US!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

...AND THE MURDERED
MAN WAS IDENTIFIED
AS DAN BRIGGS!

BRIGGS WAS
RELEASED FROM
JAIL LAST WEEK!
HE SAID HE WAS
GOING STRAIGHT...
THEN HE LEFT
TOWN...



EXACTLY! A LOT OF EX-CONS
WHO WANT TO GO STRAIGHT HAVE
SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED!
I WANT YOU TO FIND
OUT WHY!

THEN I'LL
HAVE TO BECOME
AN EX-CON
MYSELF!





LATER, AT STATE PRISON, CONVICT TOM HORNE IS SUMMONED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

HORNE, YOU'RE DUE FOR RELEASE TOMORROW, BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A SLIGHT CHANGE.

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE!

NEXT DAY, BATMAN, DISGUISED AS HORNE, LEAVES THE PRISON...

SO LONG, HORNE! BE GOOD!

THAT'S HIM!

DON'T WORRY!
I'M GOING STRAIGHT FROM NOW ON!

HELLO! MY NAME IS SMITH! I REPRESENT A FIRM THAT IS WILLING TO EMPLOY EX-CONVICTS. WANT A JOB?

I SURE DO!
IT'S TOUGH FOR AN EX-CON TO GET WORK!

WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE JOB RIGHT NOW!

LET'S GO!
I'M READY!

AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY...

SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW I'LL GET THE BATPLANE FROM THAT SHED AND FOLLOW THEM!

SECONDS LATER, A MAMMOTH BAT TAKES TO THE SKY!



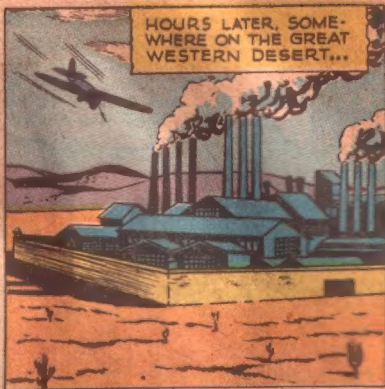
THE NEXT NIGHT... AT A PRIVATE AIRFIELD...

PLANE WINDOWS
PAINTED BLACK?
HOW COME?

THE EXACT LOCATION
OF OUR FACTORY IS
A...ER... GOVERNMENT
SECRET!



HOURS LATER, SOME-
WHERE ON THE GREAT
WESTERN DESERT...



A SECRET CITY BEHIND HIGH STONE
WALLS, IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT!
WATCHTOWERS PATROLED BY ARMED
SENTRIES DAY AND NIGHT...



OUR WORK IS VERY SECRET SO
YOU MUST AGREE TO SEVER
CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE
WORLD AND STAY HERE
FOR THREE
YEARS!
SIGN HERE,
PLEASE!



LATER, "HORNE" JOINS THE PLANT'S ASSEMBLY
LINE WORKERS...

WHAT
ARE WE
MAKING?

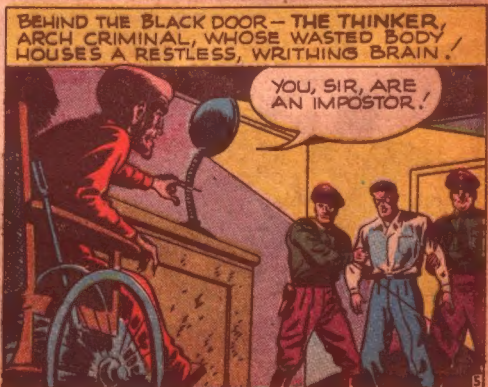
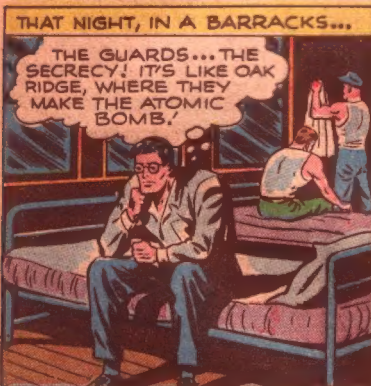
WE DON'T KNOW! WE
JUST WORK ON DIFFERENT
PARTS AND THEY'RE ASSEMBLED
IN A SECRET
SECTION OF
THE PLANT.



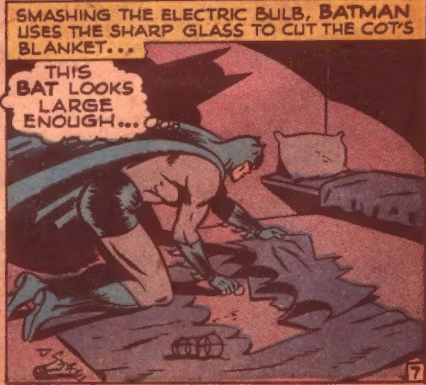
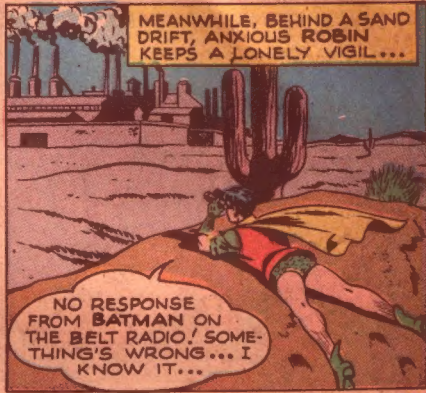
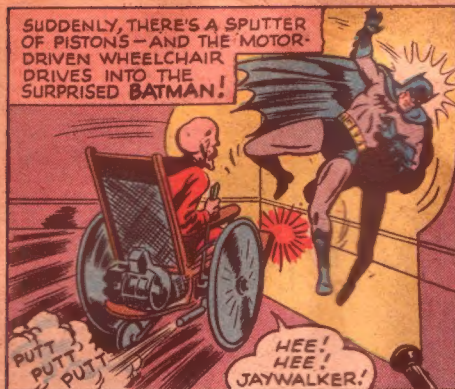
"THIS PLACE IS LIKE A JAIL! WE
CAN'T EVEN SEND LETTERS
OUTSIDE... WE CAN'T HAVE
DISCUSSIONS..."

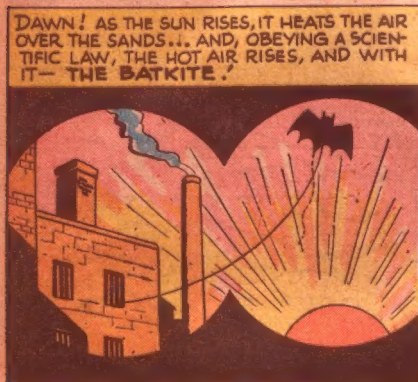
BREAK IT UP, YOU GUYS
KNOW YOU AIN'T
ALLOWED TO GATHER
IN MORE THAN THREE
TO A GROUP!

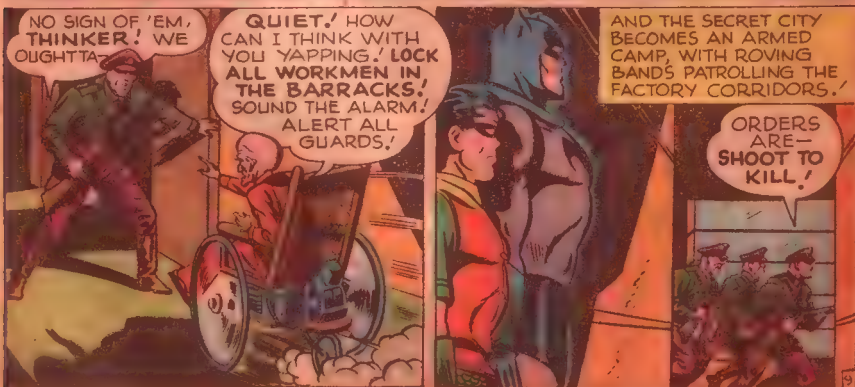
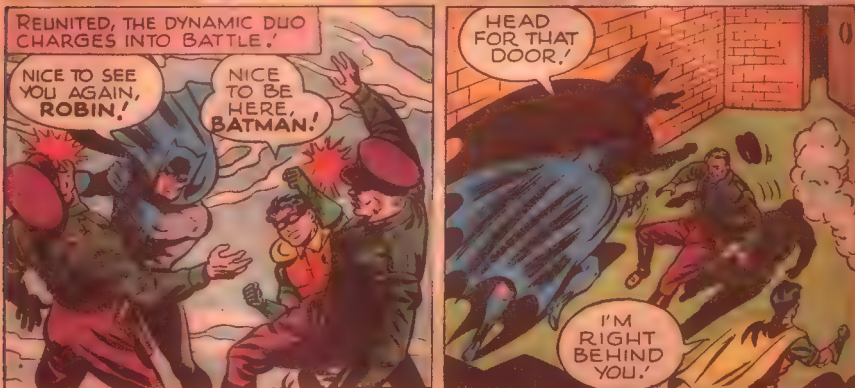
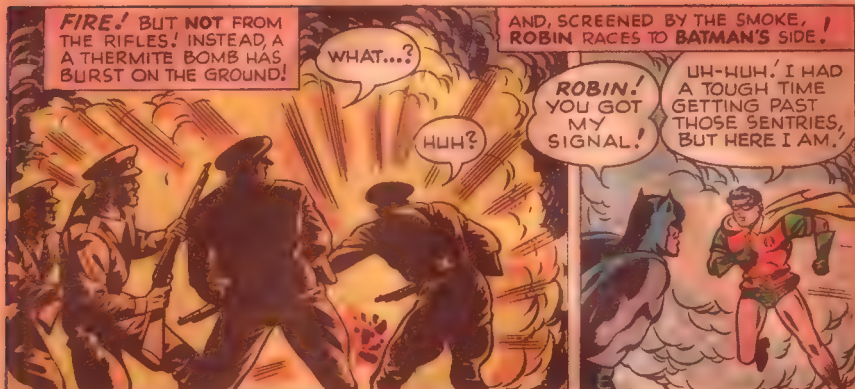


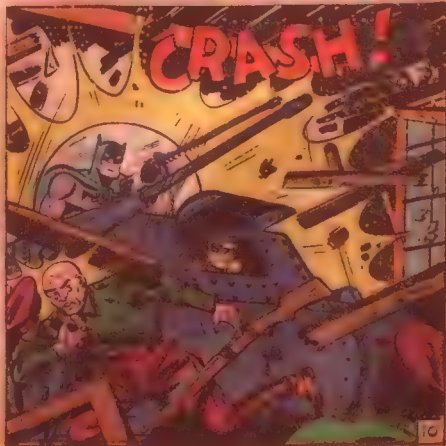
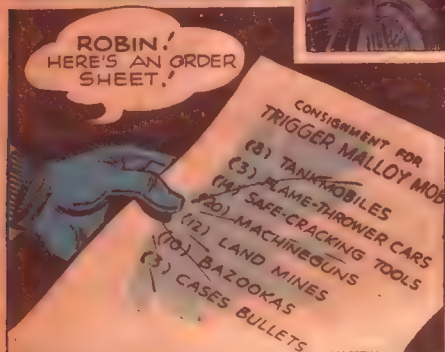
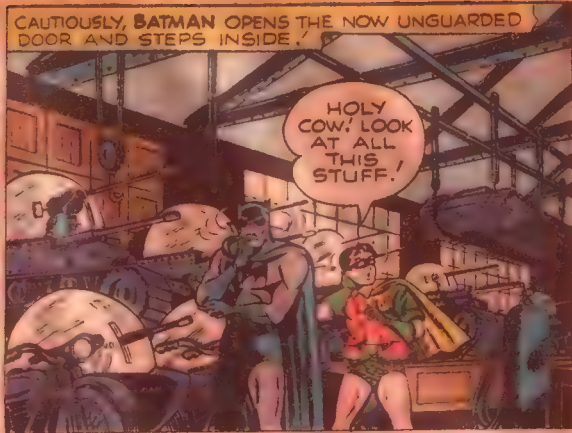


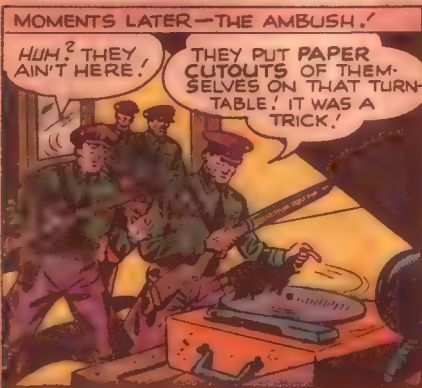
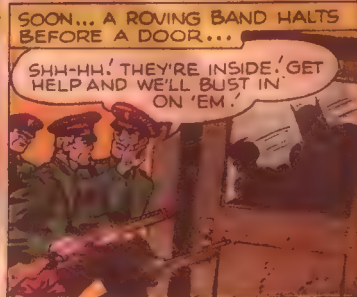
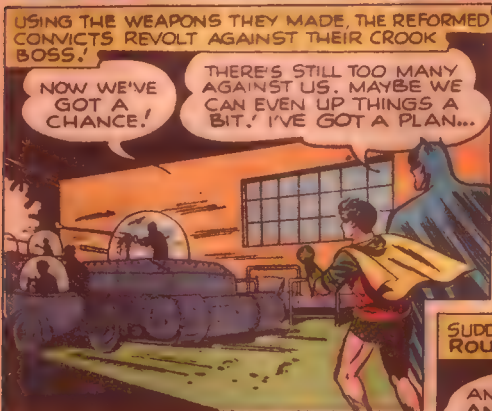
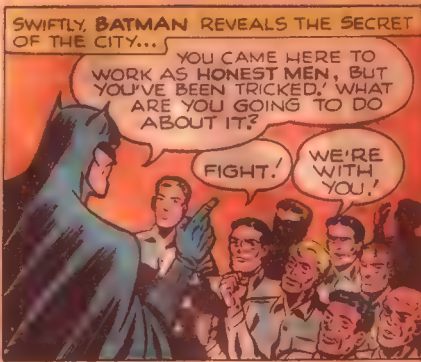
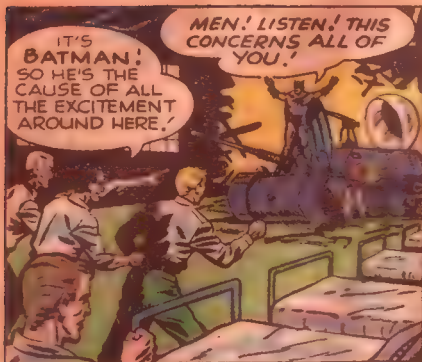


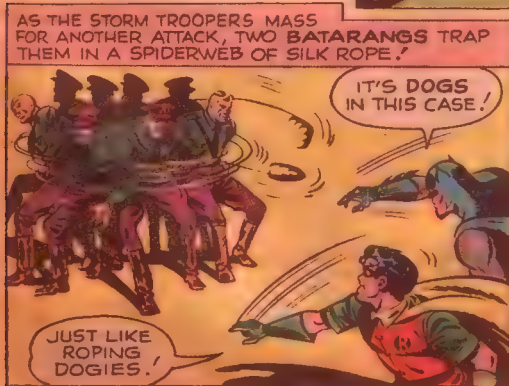
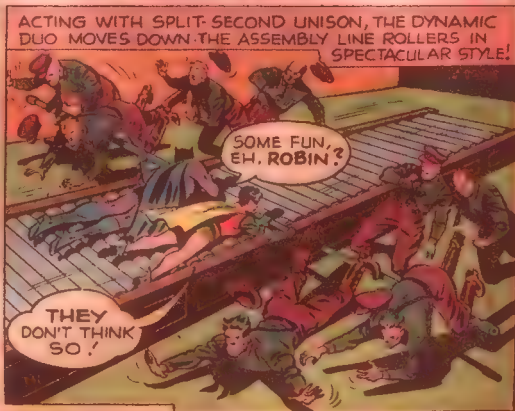
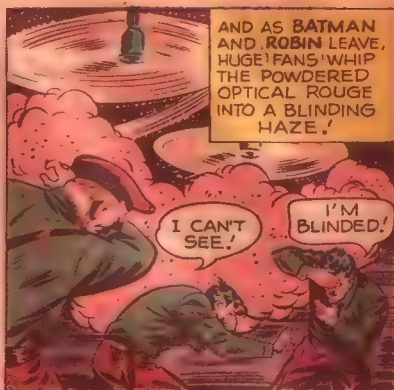
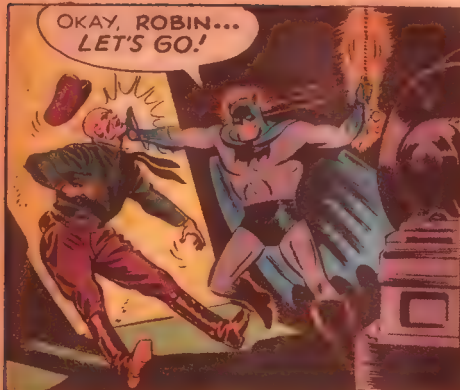


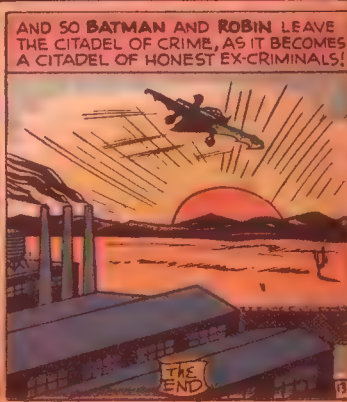
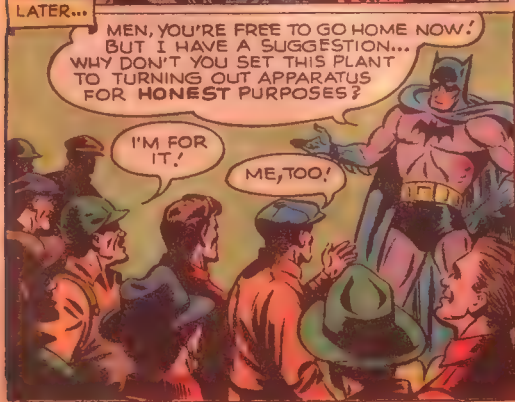
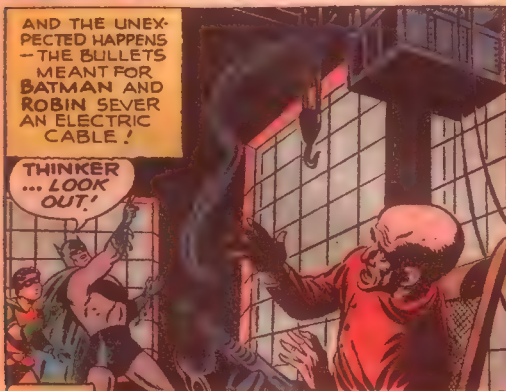
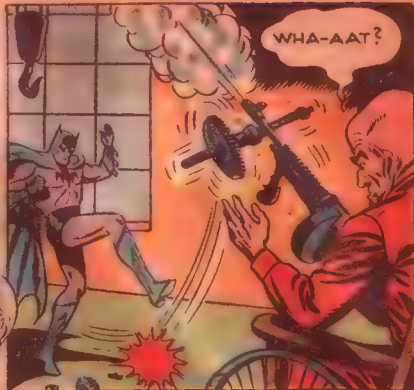
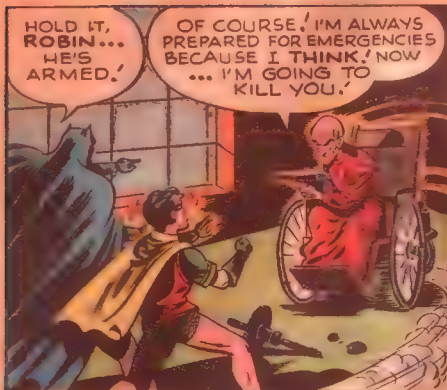














Dave
FERRISS

**CHAMPION
PITCHER OF THE
CHAMPION
BOSTON
RED SOX**

FERRISS EARNED THE HIGHEST WINNING PERCENTAGE OF ANY MAJOR-LEAGUE PITCHER DURING THE 1946 SEASON. HE WON 25 GAMES, LOST ONLY 6 GAMES—AN AVERAGE OF .306

I'LL DO BETTER AFTER I'M AROUND FOR AWHILE

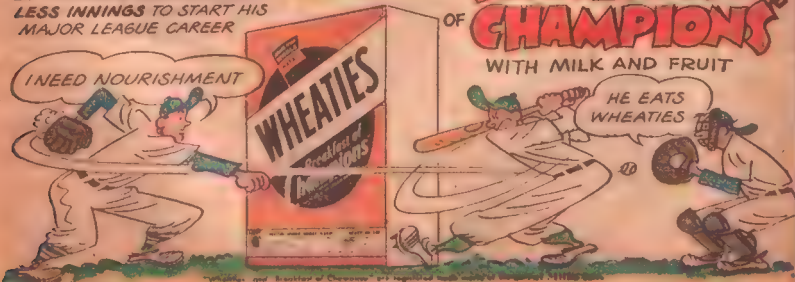
"A BALL PLAYER NEEDS HEARTY, NOURISHING FOOD," SAYS DAVE FERRISS. "AND I LIKE TO BUILD MY MORNING MEAL AROUND THAT FAMOUS TRAINING DISH, WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT, GIVES YOU REAL 'STICK-TO-YOUR-RIBS' NOURISHMENT"

IN 1945, HIS FIRST YEAR IN THE MAJORS, "BOO" FERRISS WON 21 GAMES. HE SET A LEAGUE RECORD BY PITCHING 23½ SCORELESS INNINGS TO START HIS MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER

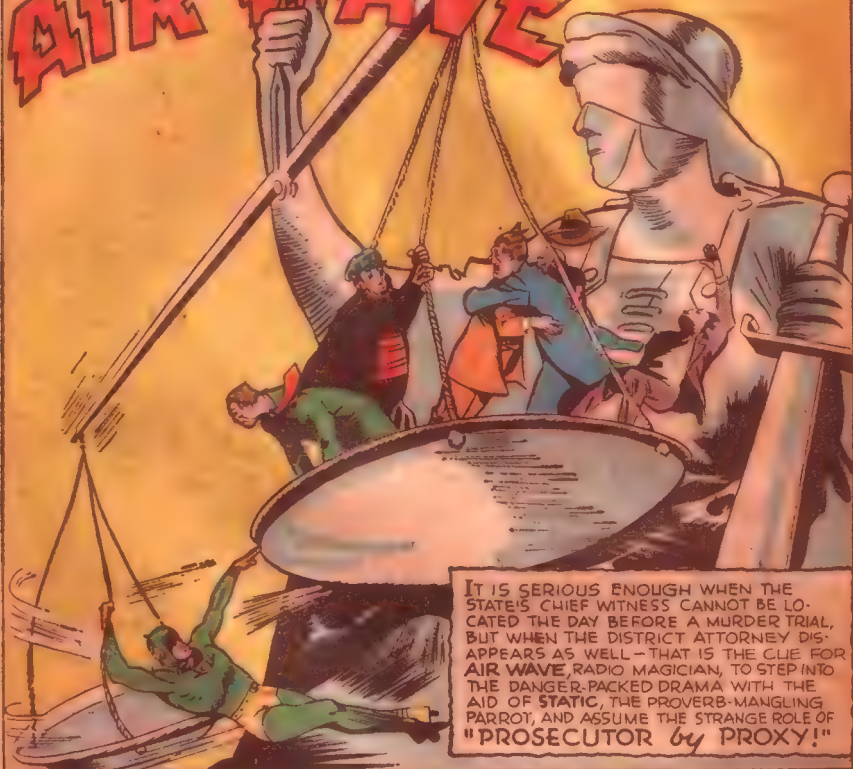
WHEATIES **BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**
OF
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

I NEED NOURISHMENT

HE EATS WHEATIES



AIR WAVE



IT IS SERIOUS ENOUGH WHEN THE STATE'S CHIEF WITNESS CANNOT BE LOCATED THE DAY BEFORE A MURDER TRIAL, BUT WHEN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY DISAPPEARS AS WELL—THAT IS THE CLUE FOR AIR WAVE, RADIO MAGICIAN, TO STEP INTO THE DANGER-PACKED DRAMA WITH THE AID OF STATIC, THE PROVERB-MANGLING PARROT, AND ASSUME THE STRANGE ROLE OF "PROSECUTOR *by* PROXY!"

ON THE EVE OF ONE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN'S MOST IMPORTANT TRIALS ...

WE TRIED TO LOCATE THE WATCHMAN, JOE WILSON, MR. JORDAN, BUT HE CAN'T BE FOUND.

TOO BAD! HIS TESTIMONY WOULD CONVICT TUG TOBIN OF LOU FIGARI'S MURDER—BUT EVEN WITHOUT IT, WE CAN JAIL HIM!

AT HOME, JORDAN FACES ANOTHER PROBLEM...

YOU'VE BEEN MOPING FOR DAYS, STATIC. MAYBE WE'D BETTER SEE A BIRD DOCTOR...

A FIGHT A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY! AWWRK!





BUT, AS THEY LEAVE THE HOUSE...

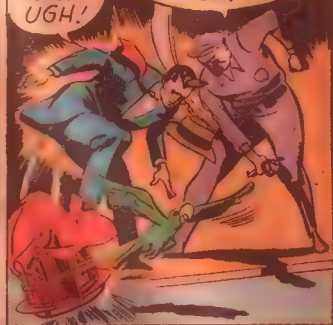
WE HAVE A TAXI
WAITING FOR YOU,
MR. D.A.! STEP
IN...

YOU CAN'T—



— GET
AWAY
WITH—
UGH!

SMART GUY, HUH!
IN THE BAG FOR
YOU!



LATER, IN A PENTHOUSE ATOP THE ACME THEATER...

YOU CAN YELL YOUR
HEAD OFF AND NO-
BODY'LL HEAR YOU
UP HERE!

YEAH! AND THERE'LL
BE A GUARD OUTSIDE
TO KEEP YOU HERE
TILL TUG TOBIN'S
RELEASED!



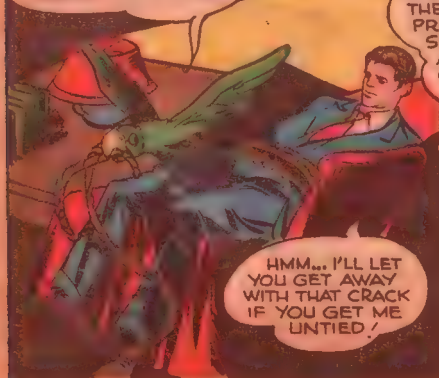
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THOSE WHO LIVE IN
PENTHOUSES SHOULD
CLOSE THEIR
WINDOWS!

GOOD BIRD!
BUT KEEP QUIET
NOW, AND GET
BUSY ON THESE
ROPES!



A FOOL AND HIS
ROPES ARE SOON
PARTED! AWWRK!

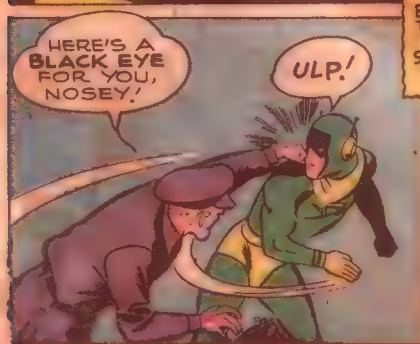
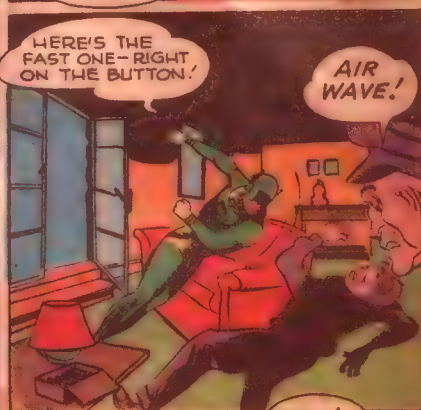
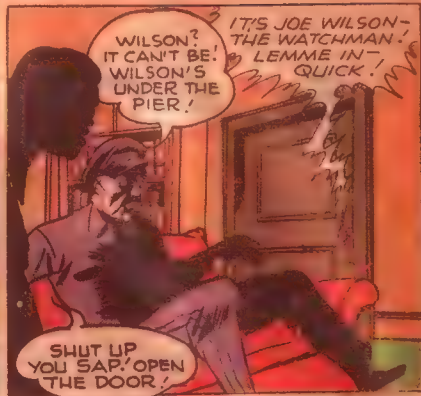
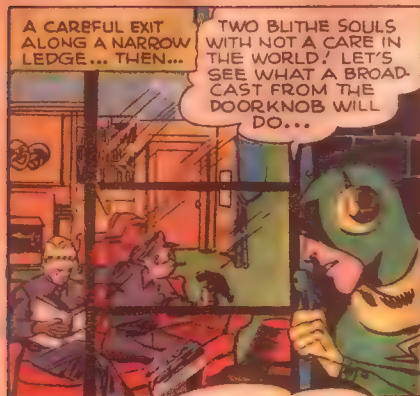


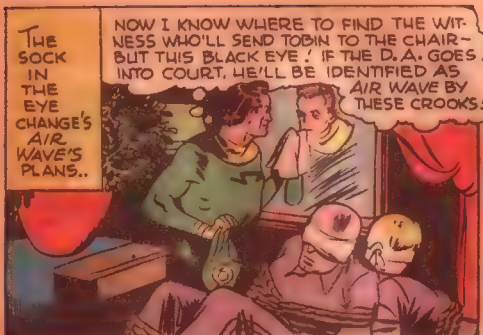
HMM... I'LL LET
YOU GET AWAY
WITH THAT CRACK
IF YOU GET ME
UNTIED!

THEN, A SWIFT CHANGE OF IDENTITY...

WE'LL LET THEM THINK
THE D.A. IS STILL A
PRISONER HERE,
STATIC—WHILE
AIR WAVE GOES INTO
ACTION!





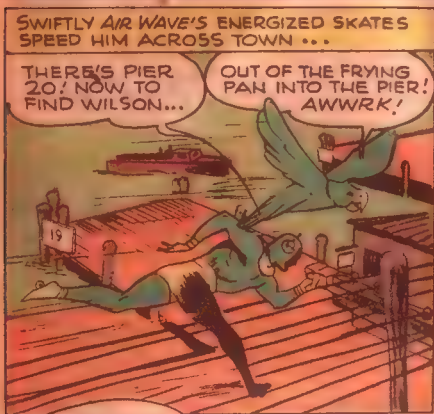


THE
SOCK
IN
THE
EYE
CHANGE'S
AIR
WAVE'S
PLANS..

NOW I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE WITNESS WHO'LL SEND TOBIN TO THE CHAIR— BUT THIS BLACK EYE! IF THE D. A. GOES INTO COURT, HE'LL BE IDENTIFIED AS AIR WAVE BY THESE CROOKS!

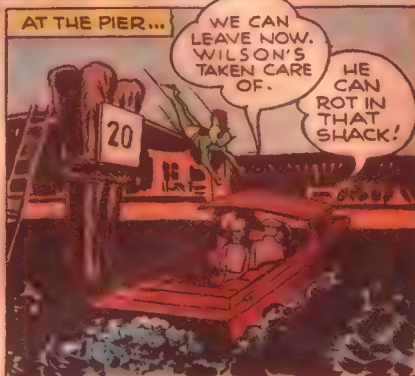


HOW CAN I PROSECUTE TOBIN TOMORROW WITHOUT REVEALING MY AIR WAVE IDENTITY? I HAVE IT. I'LL PROSECUTE BY PROXY!



THERE'S PIER 20! NOW TO FIND WILSON...

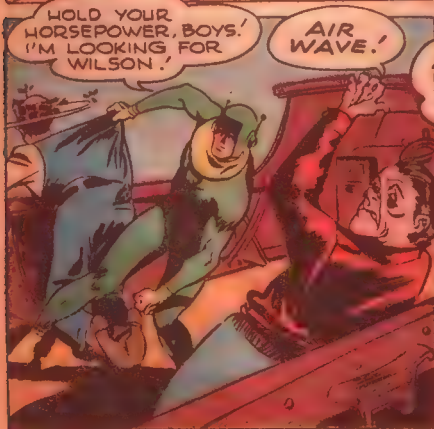
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE PIER! AWWRK!



AT THE PIER...

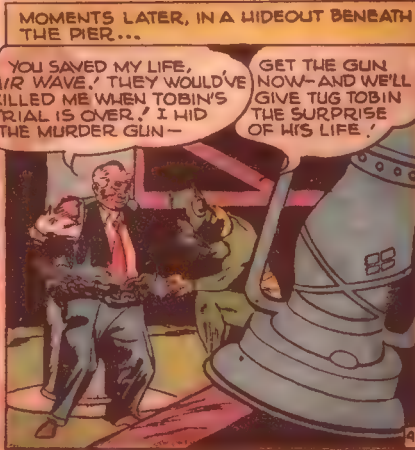
WE CAN LEAVE NOW. WILSON'S TAKEN CARE OF.

HE CAN ROT IN THAT SHACK!



HOLD YOUR HORSEPOWER, BOYS! I'M LOOKING FOR WILSON!

AIR WAVE!

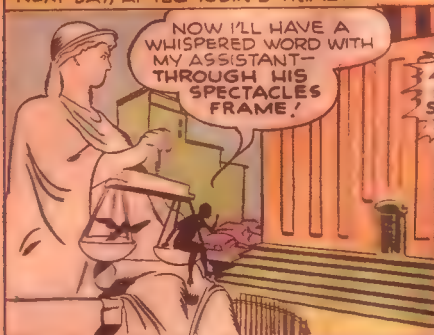


MOMENTS LATER, IN A HIDEOUT BENEATH THE PIER...

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, AIR WAVE! THEY WOULD'VE KILLED ME WHEN TOBIN'S TRIAL IS OVER! I HID THE MURDER GUN—

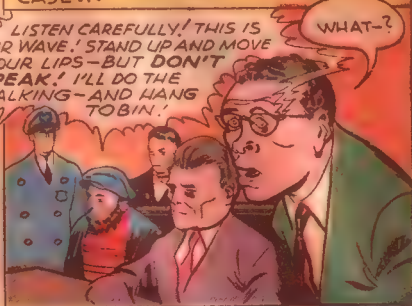
GET THE GUN NOW—AND WE'LL GIVE TUG TOBIN THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

NEXT DAY, AT TUG TOBIN'S TRIAL...



NOW I'LL HAVE A WHISPERED WORD WITH MY ASSISTANT—THROUGH HIS SPECTACLES FRAME!

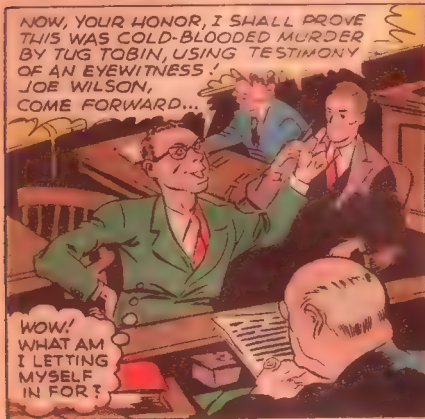
AND IN THE COURTROOM, AS THE ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS ABOUT TO OPEN THE CASE...



LISTEN CAREFULLY! THIS IS AIR WAVE! STAND UP AND MOVE YOUR LIPS—BUT DON'T SPEAK! I'LL DO THE TALKING—AND HANG TOBIN!

WHAT-?

NOW, YOUR HONOR, I SHALL PROVE THIS WAS COLD-BLOODED MURDER BY TUG TOBIN, USING TESTIMONY OF AN EYEWITNESS! JOE WILSON, COME FORWARD...



WOW! WHAT AM I LETTING MYSELF IN FOR?

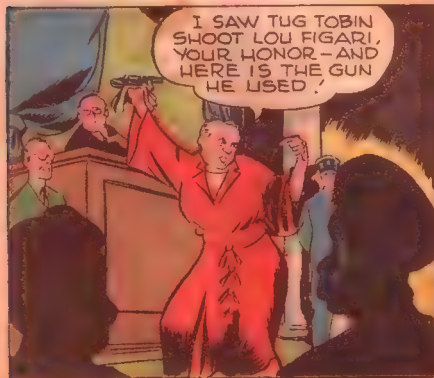
SUDDENLY, FROM THE AUDIENCE...

HOLY CAT! IT IS WILSON!

JOE WILSON! HOW DID HE GET LOOSE?



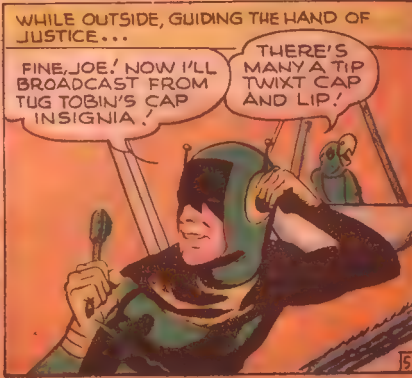
I SAW TUG TOBIN SHOOT LOU FIGARI, YOUR HONOR—AND HERE IS THE GUN HE USED!



WHILE OUTSIDE, GUIDING THE HAND OF JUSTICE...

FINE, JOE! NOW I'LL BROADCAST FROM TUG TOBIN'S CAP INSIGNIA!

THERE'S MANY A TIP TWIXT CAP AND LIP!



AS TOBIN'S BADGE BEGINS TO TALK...

SO YOU GOT LOOSE,
WILSON? TOO BAD
I DIDN'T HAVE
THE BOYS PUT
YOU UP IN THE
ACME THEATER'S
PENTHOUSE
WHERE WE'RE
HOLDIN' THE
D.A....

AAARGH —
THAT'S A
LIE! I AIN'T
SAYIN'
THAT I'M
HOLDIN'
THE
D.A....

LATER, AFTER THE COURT CONVICTS TOBIN...

NOW TO GET BACK INTO
THAT PENTHOUSE BEFORE
THE POLICE ARRIVE TO
RESCUE ME!

THAT'S IT, STATIC—
AROUND ONCE MORE;
THEN YOU MAKE A
BEE-LINE FOR
HOME!

AWK!

MOMENTS
LATER...

TWO OF
TOBIN'S
MOBSTERS!

BUT WHERE
IS MR.
JORDAN?

MR. JORDAN—
THANK GOODNESS,
YOU'RE SAFE!

LATER...

SO NOW YOU'RE
JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT,
EH? THERE WAS
NOTHING THE MATTER
WITH YOU, OLD WAR-
EAGLE—NOTHING
THAT A LITTLE
EXCITEMENT
COULDN'T CURE!

LEAPING FROM
THE PAGES

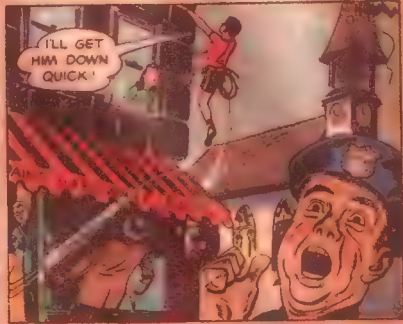


ONTO THE SCREEN—
VIGILANTE!

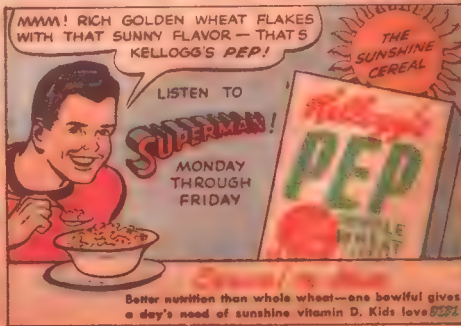
ASK THE MANAGER
OF YOUR LOCAL
THEATER WHEN YOU
CAN SEE THIS
TWO-FISTED,
SLAM-BANG
COLUMBIA SERIAL!

KID PEP

RESCUES A STEEPLEJACK!

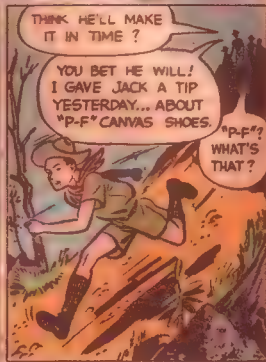
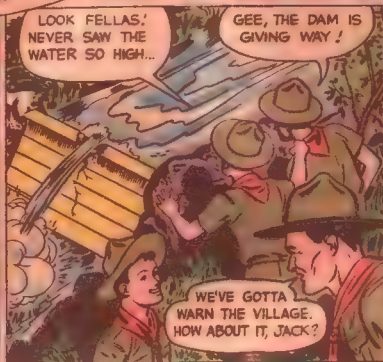
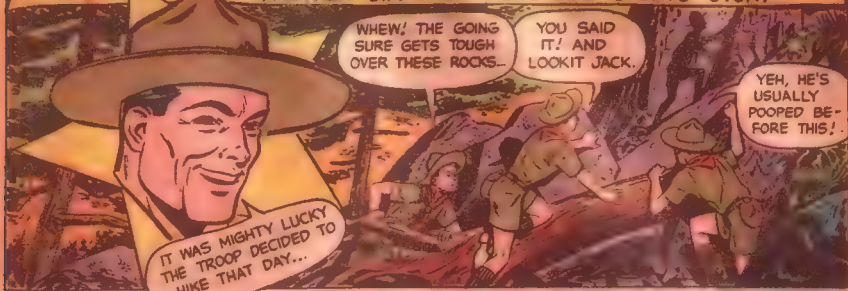


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JACK TREDDLE GETS HERO'S MEDAL

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



WHAT MR. WISE TOLD THE GUYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT

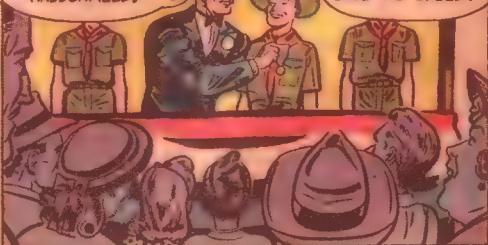


"P-F"

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...ON BEHALF OF THE TOWN. YOUR HEROIC FAST RUNNING SAVED HADDONFIELD!



THE
FOLLOWING
HIKE





FIRE!...
GREAT FRIEND AND
DREADED FOE OF
MANKIND! AND TO
DRAMATIZE THIS,
WE PRESENT
FIRETOWN, WITH
THRILLING EXHIBI-
TIONS BY GALLANT
SMOKE-EATERS.
BUT THEN A GANG
OF CROOKS USES
FIRETOWN TO MASK
A KIDNAPING, AND
PRIVATE DETECTIVES
SLAM BRADLEY
AND **SHORTY**
MORGAN HAVE TO
RALLY TO THE CRY OF

**"FIREMAN,
SAVE MY
CHILD!"**

JUST A MOMENT AGO IT WAS A QUIET DAY. NOW...

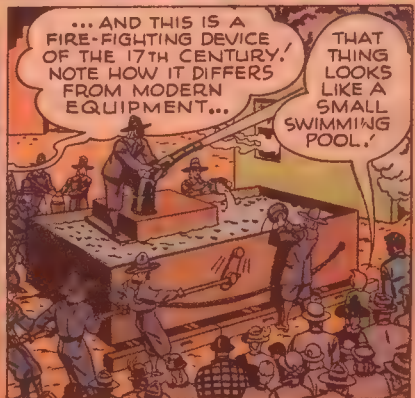
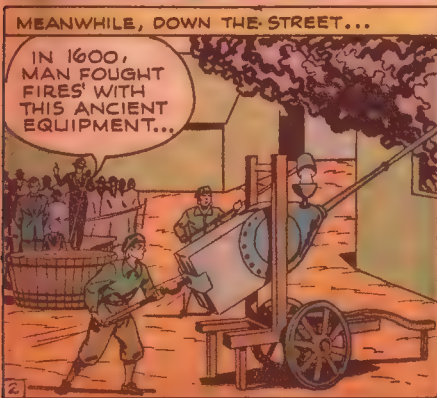
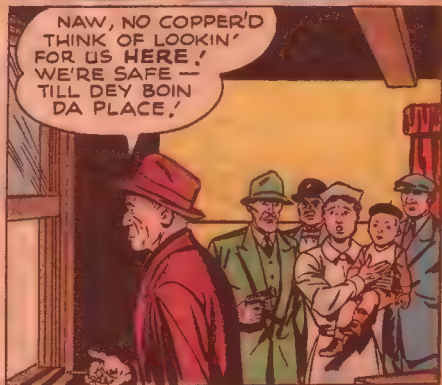
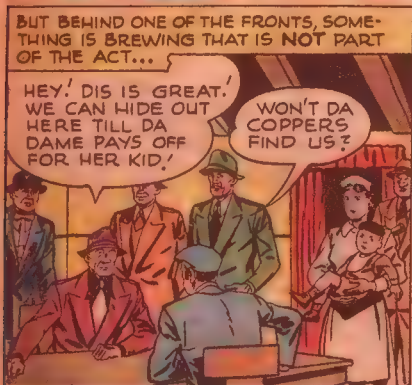
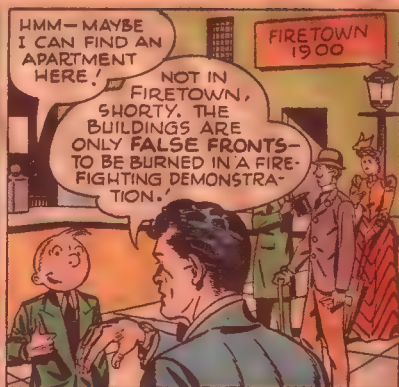
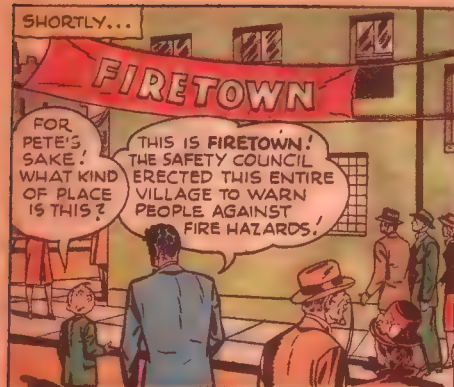


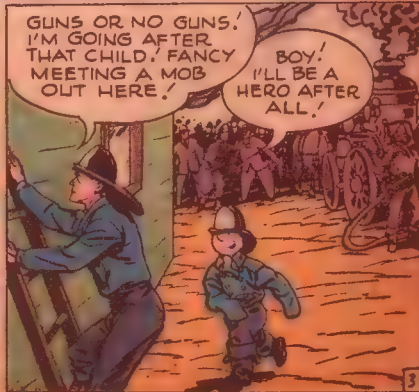
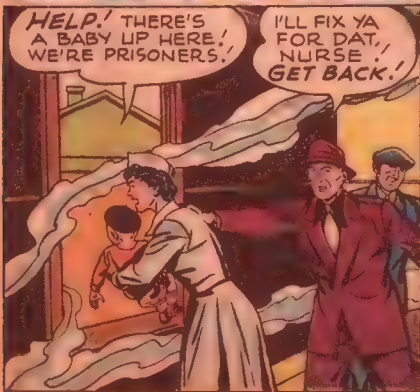
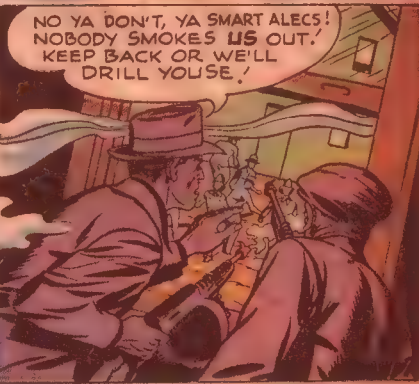
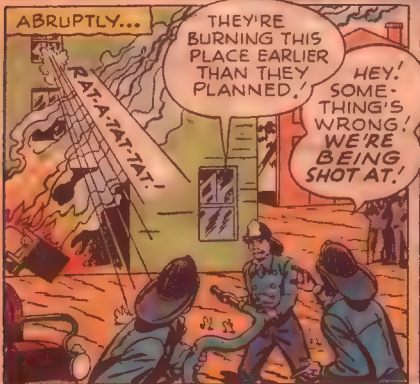
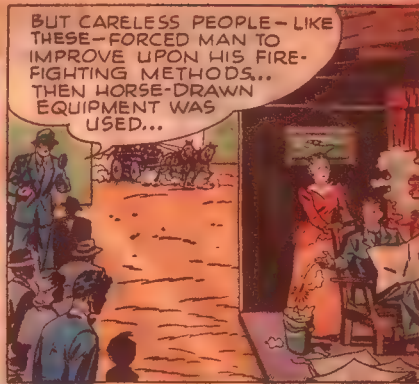
THOSE GUYS
OUGHTTA WATCH
WHERE THEY
PUT OUT FIRES!

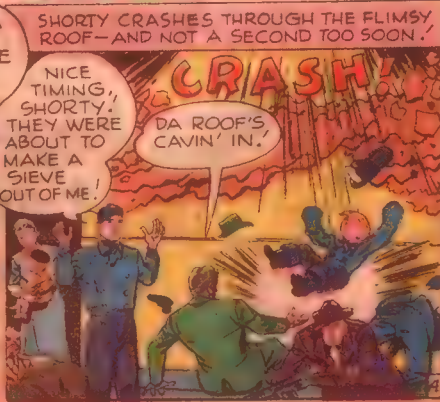
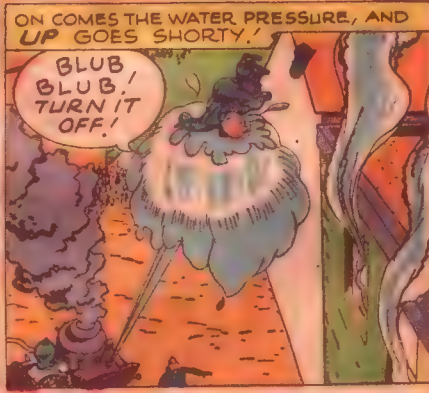
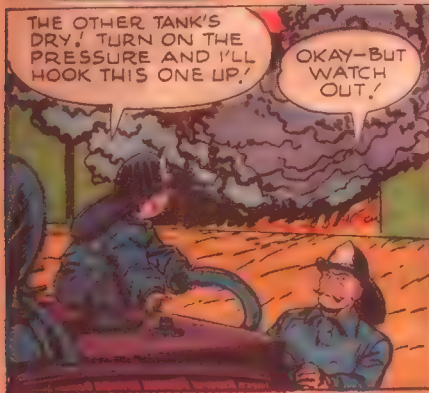
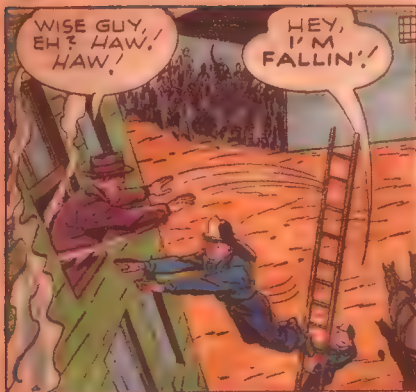
I FORGOT!
THAT
WAGON'S
FROM

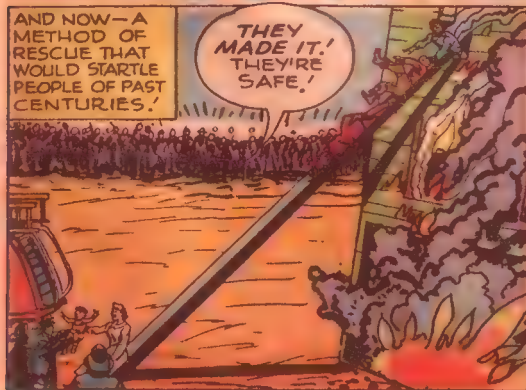
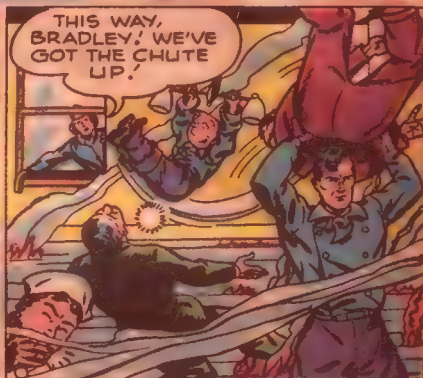
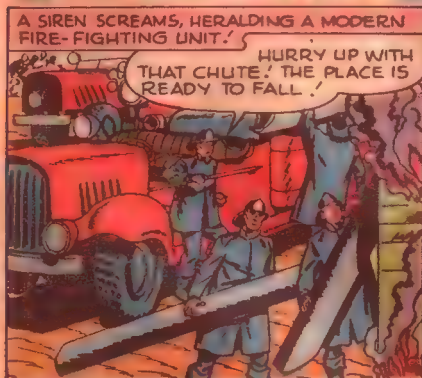
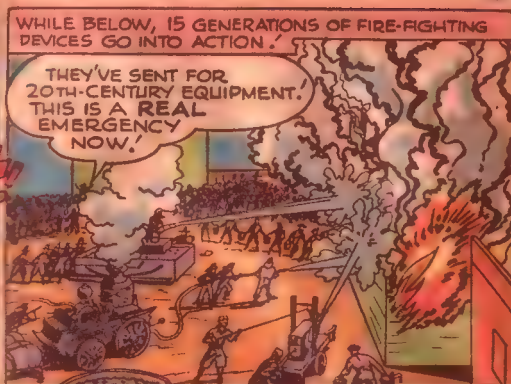
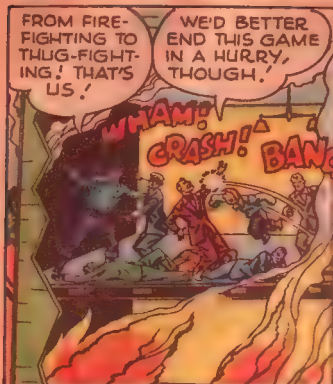
FIRETOWN—
WHERE THEY'RE
HOLDING THE BIG
FIRE PREVENTION
WEEK FAIR! COME
ON...

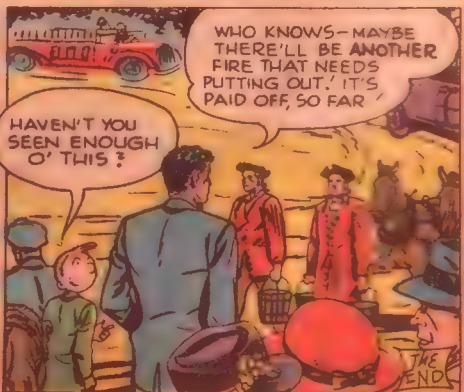
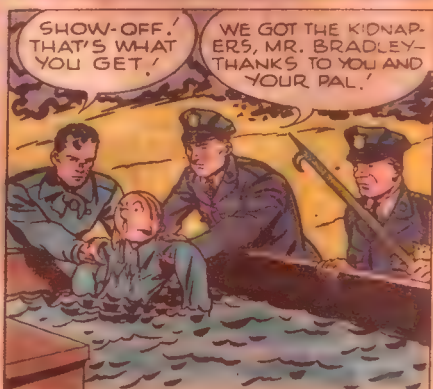
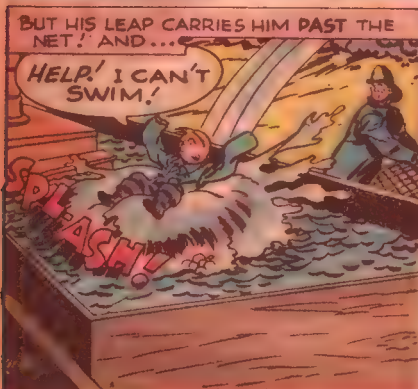
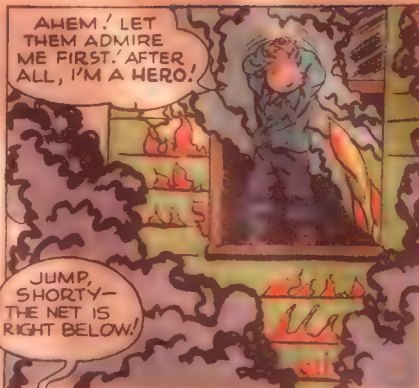













TO GET THERE FIRST:

ACE PILOTS

FOLLOW THE
RULES OF THE
SKY-WAYS!CAPT. O.M. GOVE
FAMOUS TWA PILOT SAYS:


WIND SOCK--SHOWS DIRECTION OF WIND. ALL PLANES TAKING OFF AND LANDING, DO SO AGAINST THE WIND.



RUNNING LIGHTS--OF RED AND GREEN ARE CARRIED ON ALL PLANES. RED ON PORT (LEFT) WING--GREEN ON STARBOARD (RIGHT) WING.

YES SIR! KNOWING THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE AIR IS THE FIRST DUTY OF AN AIRLINE PILOT. EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO IS - OR PLANS TO BECOME A BICYCLE "PILOT" SHOULD KNOW THE RULES OF THE ROAD, TOO. THAT'S WHY I THINK THE MAKERS OF THOSE SWELL COLUMBIA BICYCLES HAVE A GREAT IDEA IN THEIR "ROTATING-DIAL" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD. WHY NOT USE IT TO LEARN HOW TO BE AN ACE ON A BIKE?

GET YOUR COLUMBIA CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

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Street _____

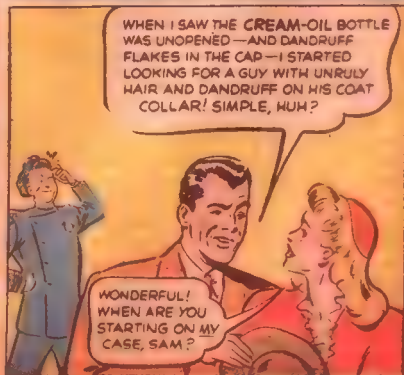
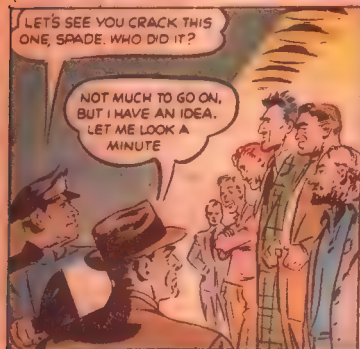
City _____ State _____



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SAFETY IN NUMBERS

by Patric Dobbs

EDDIE ACES considered himself a king in his trade. He was a second story worker, a burglar. "A lone wolf is what I am," Eddie Aces used to proclaim, "and because I am a lone wolf I stay out of the clutches of the law."

There weren't many people Eddie Aces trusted, even if there were more people who didn't trust him. But like Eddie Aces said, his one true friend and counsellor was Sty mie Shiggins, the fence.

Not that Eddie Aces followed Sty mie's advice to the letter. "It ain't that I don't trust it, Sty mie," he said, "but I got to the top of my profession by learning the hard way. Besides, I don't put any trust in those numbers you're always talking about."

The conversation, taking place in the tiny back room of Sty mie's cigar store, caused the fence to frown. As an ardent disciple of numerology, he disliked having his calling challenged.

"I've never been wrong yet, Eddie Aces," he said reprovingly. "And I say this seems to be the wrong time for you to pull that Falmouth job." He held up his hand. "Not that I'm not anxious to handle the jewels for you, Eddie Aces. It is just that everything seems to add up to number thirteen. And that is a very unlucky number today."

Eddie Aces shrugged. "Superstition don't belong in my business, Sty mie. I am strictly a guy who takes no chances. Look, for two weeks now I've been working on this job. So what do I do? I get to know this old lady's house like it was my own, and I manage to strike up a friendship with her maid, Cassie Hawkins and—hey, what's the matter, Sty mie?"

"Thirteen!" Sty mie said. "Her name—the letters in it—add up to thirteen! Now, you see what I mean?" Once again he shook his head. "Don't forget, this is also the *thirteenth* day of the month."

"Sty mie, if you are going to talk like that, I am going to leave. But, to proceed—I even learn that there is a loose floorboard on the top step going into the old lady's bedroom. So I figure I count the first twelve, then take off my shoes. Or maybe I take 'em off before I go up, so there's no chance of a squeak."

"Eddie Aces, listen to me!" Sty mie grab-

bed his arm. "Don't you know what you're saying? There are *twelve* steps first, and one more makes—"

"Thirteen!" Eddie Aces supplied triumphantly. "But I just don't step on the thirteenth!" He leaned back, and laughed at Sty mie's red face.

The ringing of the bell from outside, announcing the entrance of a customer, stopped Eddie Aces' laughter. Waving goodbye to Sty mie, he left.

While he liked the little man who fenced for him, Eddie Aces had decided long ago there was no place for superstition in his racket. "The way a guy gets caught in this racket is by making a slip. When he does that, he deserves to get caught. But superstition has nothin' to do with it."

He wondered what Sty mie would have said if he had known the Widow Falmouth's house was No. 1313 Rhododendron Street. And that this would be the thirteenth job—that he, Eddie Aces, had pulled this year!

Promptly at ten, and strictly according to the program he had laid out for himself, Eddie Aces let himself in through the basement window of the old-fashioned house of the Widow Falmouth. In pre-war years, a superintendent and his wife had occupied this lower floor, but the advent of high war wages had led them to give up the position and move away. Today, the Widow Falmouth had only a maid to assist her. And this was the maid's night out. Eddie Aces had made sure of that by making a date with her. Even now she was probably waiting for him.

He had told her that he might be a half hour late for their date. Eddie Aces intended to meet her as soon as he pulled this job. She would be his alibi, if one should be needed. And he didn't expect it would be.

He carefully made his way up the cellar stairs, to the street floor. He didn't have to worry about stairs creaking here. That would be the next stairway.

Before he took off his shoes, Eddie Aces adjusted the mask on his face. Then he placed his shoes at the bottom of the first floor stairs. In the darkness, he ascended to the second floor. No use taking a chance on anyone seeing a light.

He counted off the stairs, then carefully

avoided the thirteenth one. True, he told himself, he could have kept on his shoes. But one slip and the old lady, a light sleeper, Cassie had revealed, might awaken and sound an alarm.

Like a thin shadow he made his way to the Widow Falmouth's bedroom, carefully pushed open the door. A shaft of moonlight slipped in through the window. Eddie Aces smiled. This was the kind of break he'd like Stymie to see. The nerve of Stymie, trying to talk him out of a soft touch like this!

The old lady started as Eddie Aces' hand clamped down over her mouth. "If you don't want to die, grandma," Eddie Aces said, "just take it easy and tell me how to open that safe."

The Widow Falmouth didn't lack courage. Nor did she lack common sense. And she had a pretty good idea that the gun in Eddie Aces' hand meant business. Her life was worth more to her than jewelry.

In a few moments, Eddie Aces had the jewels. The only thing he left behind was an open safe, empty, and an old lady who lay helplessly in bed, her wrists bound by a handkerchief, another stuffed in her mouth.

Quickly, Eddie Aces made his way downstairs. En route, he shoved the mask into his pocket, smiling as he did so. He recalled reading a story a long time ago about a foolish crook who had been caught by a cop for forgetting to remove his mask. No such mistake for Eddie Aces!

If he ever met a cop— He stiffened, stood for a moment on the top step of the stairs leading up from the basement. He was outside now, and it was a hot night. It felt even hotter when he saw the policeman, who said, "Sure is hot, ain't it?"

Officer Justin Clancy had paused against the railing to rest. He looked at Eddie Aces. "You the new superintendent?"

Eddie Aces looked at the rugged Irish face, breathed again. Another stupid cop! "Sure am, officer," he said. "I just thought I'd take a walk. Get a little fresh air. I'd like to see the town. I'm new here." He waved a hand. "Glad to know you." He started to walk away.

"Just a minute!"

Eddie Aces, annoyed, paused. What now?

Officer Clancy peered at Eddie Aces. "You in the habit of taking walks without your shoes?"

Horrified, Eddie Aces looked down, saw stocking feet! He smiled a wan smile at the officer. His shoes! He had forgotten all about them! "Thanks, officer," he said, "I—I guess I forgot them."

"Sure! Sure!" Officer Clancy's eyes didn't look a bit friendly now. "I guess you did." His huge paw closed around Eddie Aces' arm. "But I guess you won't mind my inquisitive nature prompting me to take you back for a check up with the Widow Falmouth?"

It wasn't until next morning, when he read the paper, that Stymie learned that Officer No. 13, as they called Clancy at the station house because of his jinx badge number, had been lucky again, nabbing a sneak thief. "I told him," he moaned, "I warned Eddie Aces! But he wouldn't listen to me!"

At approximately the same time, in his temporary cell, Eddie Aces was logically explaining away the reason for his own folly.

"Thirteen bucks I pay for them shoes," he said bitterly, "and I have to go and forget to put 'em on!"



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LEARN

INSIDE BASEBALL

FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE
THE BIG LEAGUERS
DO IT!



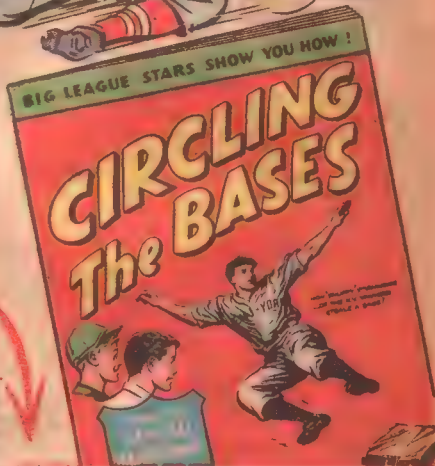
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TODAY!

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Send me a copy of "Circling the Bases" by return mail. I enclose 5 cents (in coin or stamps) to cover postage and handling.

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"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING The KIDNAPPERS"



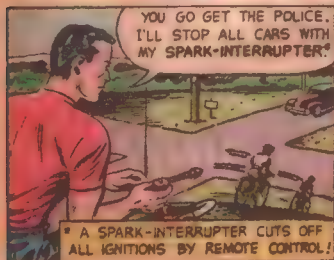
WHEN THEY FIND
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
I'LL BE SITTING
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

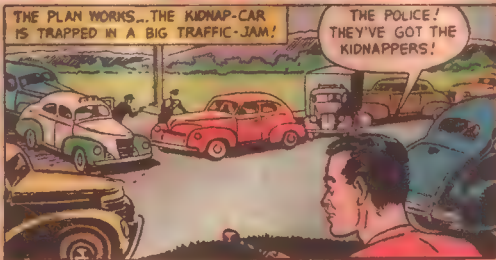
GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



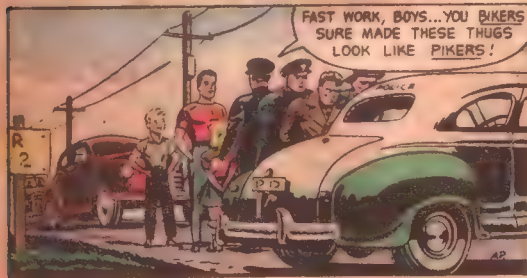
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER.

* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!



THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!

THE POLICE!
THEY'VE GOT THE
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS
SURE MADE THESE THUGS
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!

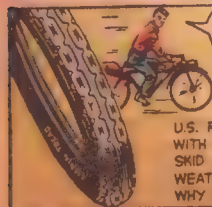
U.S.

BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

The

BOY COMMANDOS



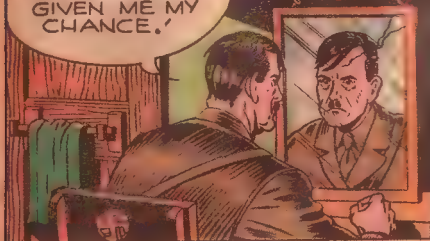
ADOLF HITLER, ARCH-VILLAIN OF HISTORY, SCOURGE OF THE WORLD! WHEN HE DIED, CERTAIN OF HIS FOLLOWERS LAUNCHED THE RUMOR THAT HIS DEATH WAS A HOAX. **DID HITLER REALLY DIE?** WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE STILL LIVED, AND CAME FROM HIDING NOW? THIS STORY, RELEASED AT LAST, FROM THE SECRET, *POST-WAR* FILES OF THE BOY COMMANDOS IS THE FANTASTIC TALE OF...

WHEN HITLER CAME BACK!



THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS IN GERMANY,
IN A MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY...

IT IS SO EASY TO DUPE THE
GERMAN PEOPLE. NOW
I'LL RETURN, TO RULE
WITH AN IRON HAND.
HISTORY HAS
GIVEN ME MY
CHANCE.



LATER, IN A NEARBY TOWN...

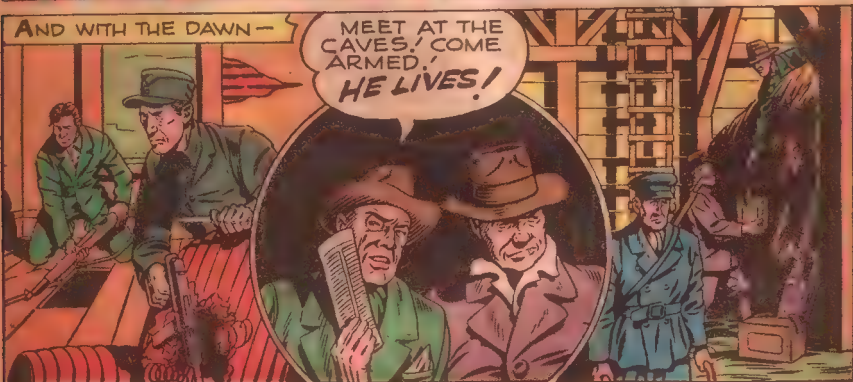
THIS MESSAGE
SAYS HE'S
ALIVE. PASS
THE WORD
AROUND... **DER
TAG HAS
COME!**

BY MORNING,
HAUS, WEAPONS
AND MEN WILL BE
OUT OF HIDING—
**THOUSANDS
OF THEM!**



AND WITH THE DAWN—

MEET AT THE
CAVES. COME
ARMED.
HE LIVES!



AT ONE GERMAN HOME...

MY SON! THE
WAR IS OVER.
WHY DO YOU
DO THIS?

**DER FLIEHRER
IS BACK! NOW
GERMANY WILL
RISE AGAIN!**



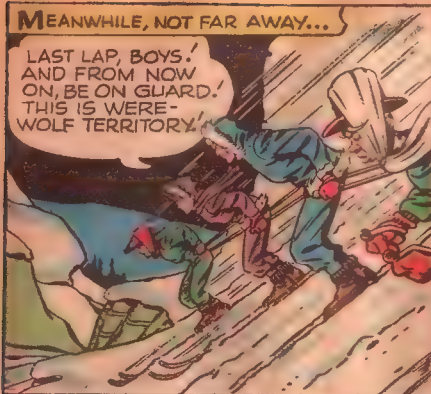
AND THE RUMOR SPREADS—STREET BY
STREET, FROM TOWN TO TOWN. THEN IN
A MURKY CAVERN...

... AND NOW HE IS
BACK, STRONGER
THAN EVER— AND
WITH MORE TERRIBLE
WEAPONS...



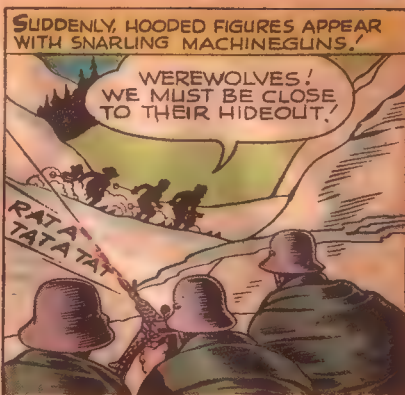
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

LAST LAP, BOYS!
AND FROM NOW
ON, BE ON GUARD!
THIS IS WERE-
WOLF TERRITORY!



SUDDENLY, HOODED FIGURES APPEAR
WITH SNARLING MACHINEGUNS!

WEREWOLVES!
WE MUST BE CLOSE
TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



HOLD IT, RIP!
DEY GOT ME!



WHERE'D THEY
HIT YOU,
BROOKLYN?

M'SIEU RIP!
ZEE NAZIS
COME!

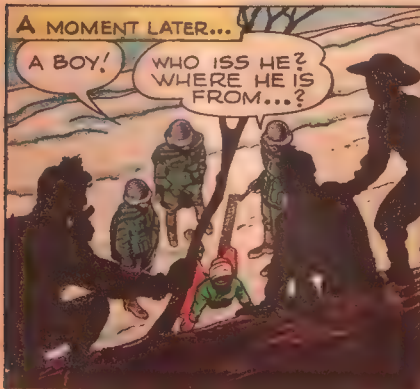
GUESS IT WUZ A FALSE
ALARM! JUST MY
SKI— IT BROKE...



A MOMENT LATER...

A BOY!

WHO ISS HE?
WHERE HE IS
FROM...?



FROM
FLATBUSH,
YA SAP!
HERE'S ME
CALLIN'
CARD!

WHACK!

AT 'EM,
BOYS!



YOU GENTS NO DOUBT HAVE
HEARD OF US — THE BOY
COMMANDOS.

BAM!

HIMMEL!



AND SHORTLY...

THIS IS A LUCKY
BREAK, GET THESE
WEREWOLF TOGS ON!

I DON'T LIKE
WEARIN' NAZI
DUDS — BUT IF
YOU SAY SO, RIP—
HERE GOES.



NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHY
WE REALLY CAME TO
GERMANY. THERE'S A
REPORT THAT HITLER
IS STILL ALIVE.

HITLER!

SACRE
BLEU!



RIP REVEALS THEIR SECRET MISSION, NOW, AS
THEY FORGE AHEAD...

THE NAZI WEREWOLVES BELIEVE
THAT HITLER ESCAPED. A.M.G. WANTS US
TO CHECK ON THE RUMOR THAT DER
FUEHRER IS DUE TO STAGE A
COMEBACK.



BUT WHAT
ABOUT DAT
BODY OUR
ARMY GUYS
FOUND — DAT
DEY SAID —
WAS
HITLER?

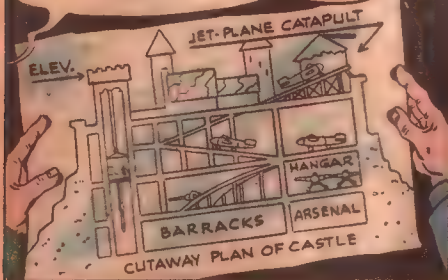
THE NAZI
WEREWOLVES
BELIEVE
HITLER
PLANTED
A DOUBLE
OF HIMSELF
FOR OUR
TROOPS TO FIND...



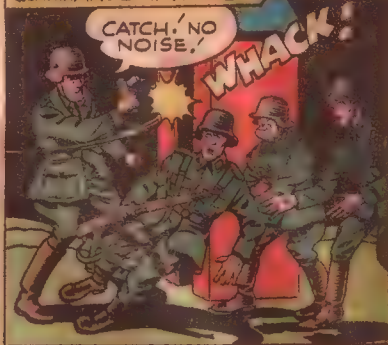
... AND THAT HITLER IS HIDING
UNTIL HE'S READY TO RETURN...
A.M.G. THINKS THE WERE-
WOLVES HAVE A HIDEOUT IN
THIS AREA. WE'LL CHECK
ON THIS OLD CASTLE...
HERE.



OUR TROOPS WOULD SCARE WEREWOLF NAZIS INTO HIDING, IF THEY ARE USING THE OLD CASTLE FOR HEADQUARTERS. BUT WE'LL MOVE IN QUIETLY—AND GET HITLER—IF HE'S THERE.



A MOONLESS NIGHT—PERFECT FOR COMMANDO TACTICS.



LET'S SEE THAT OLD STEER THROWING ARM IN ACTION, TEX!

SHORE THING, PODNAH!

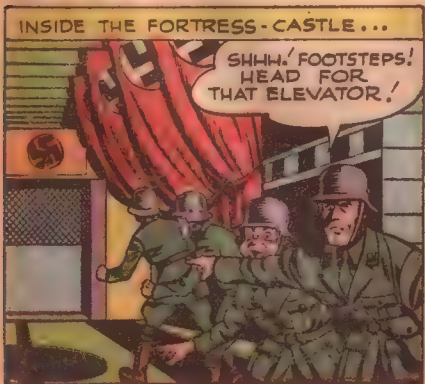


THEN, NOISELESSLY, THE COMMANDOS SWING TOWARD THE FORTRESS, UN-OBSERVED BY THE FIGURES BELOW...



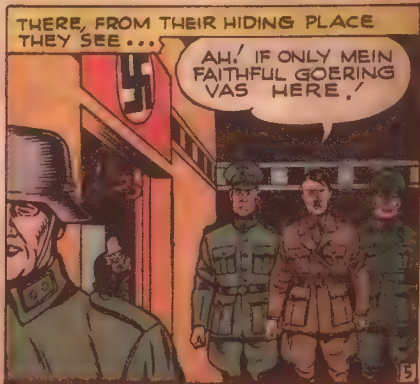
INSIDE THE FORTRESS-CASTLE...

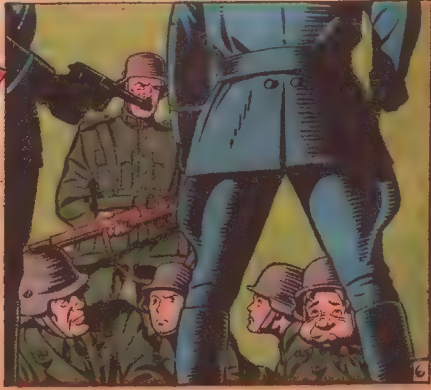
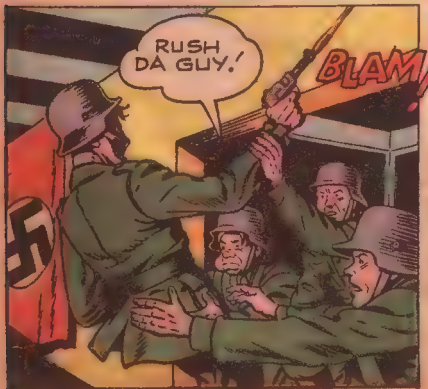
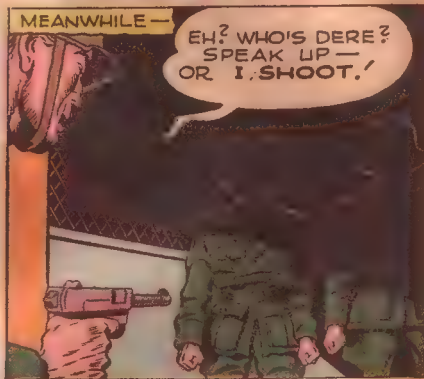
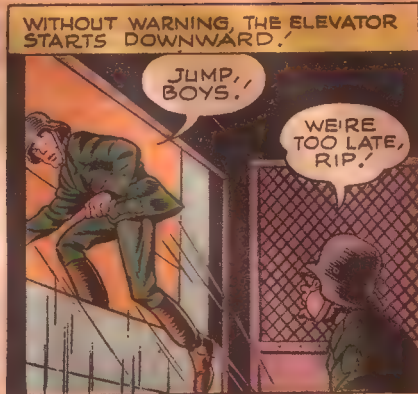
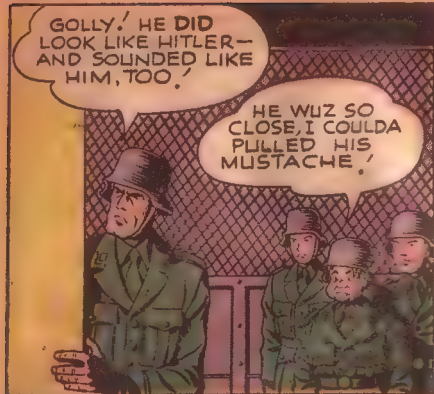
SHHH! FOOTSTEPS! HEAD FOR THAT ELEVATOR!

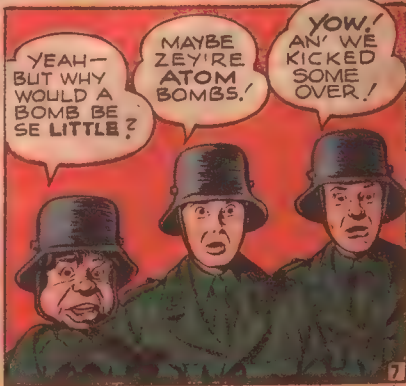


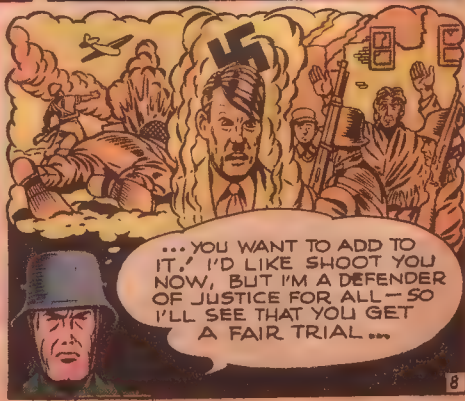
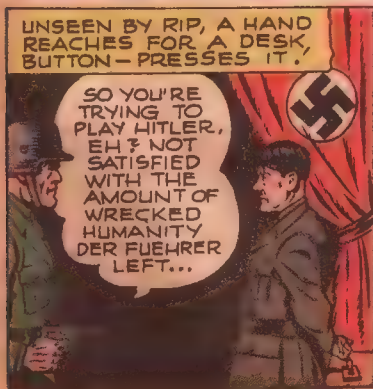
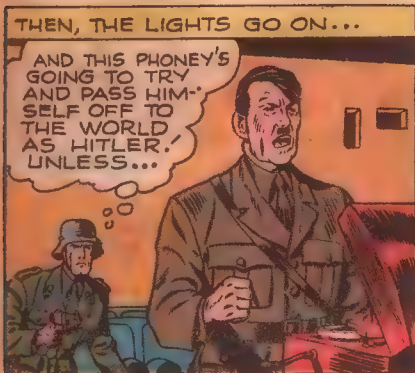
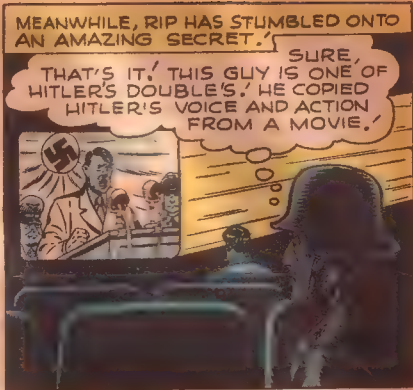
THERE, FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE THEY SEE...

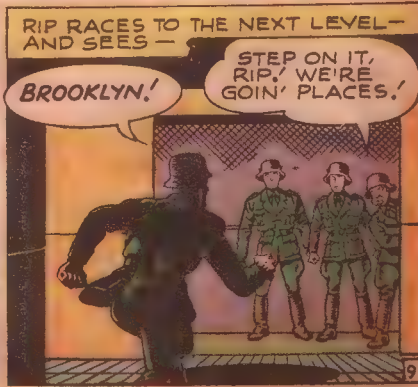
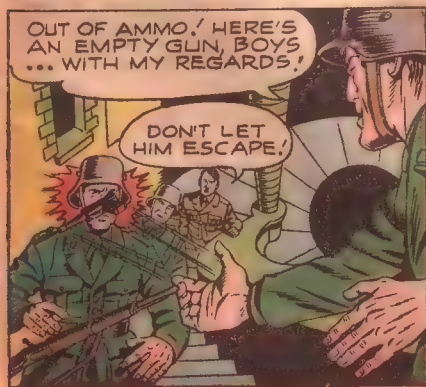
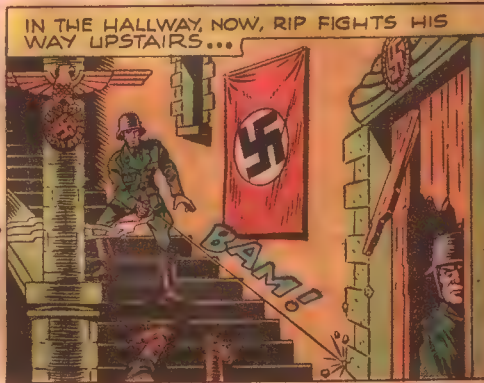
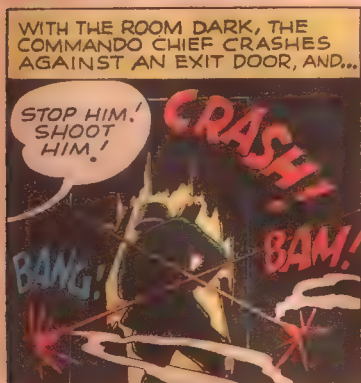
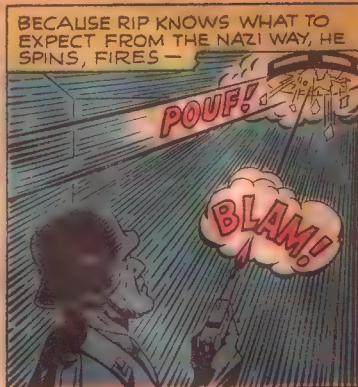
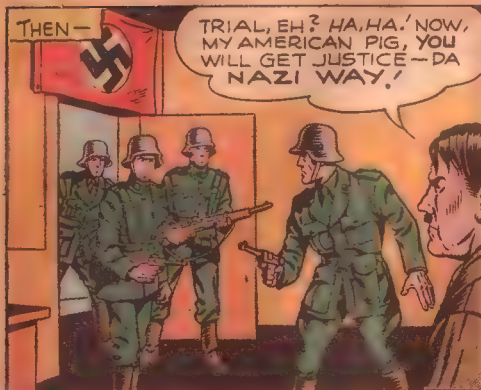
AH! IF ONLY MEIN FAITHFUL GOERING WAS HERE!

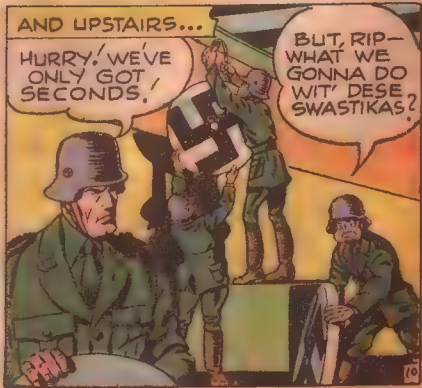
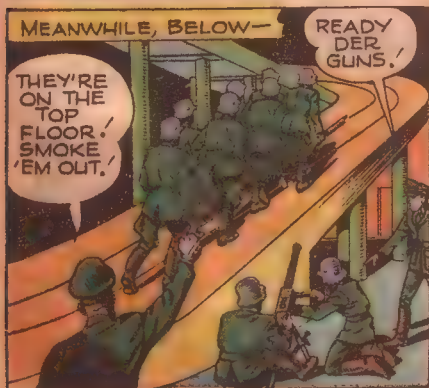
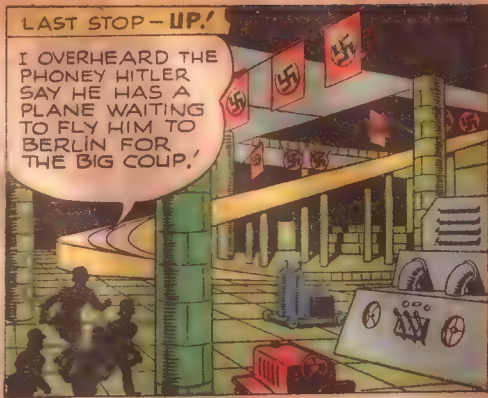
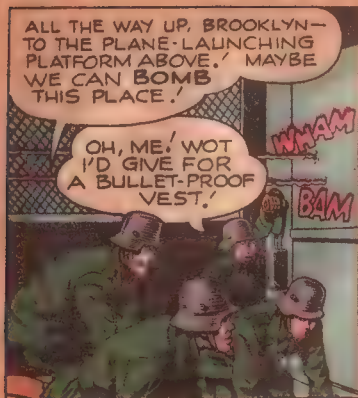


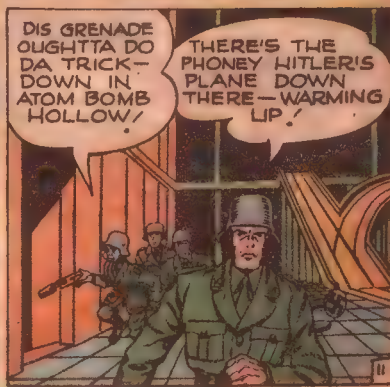
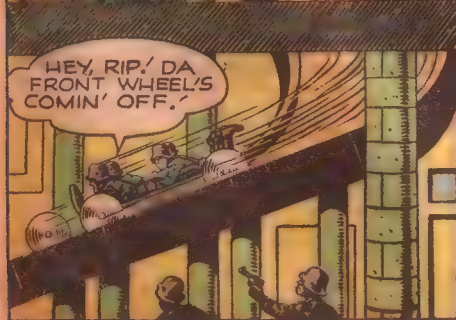
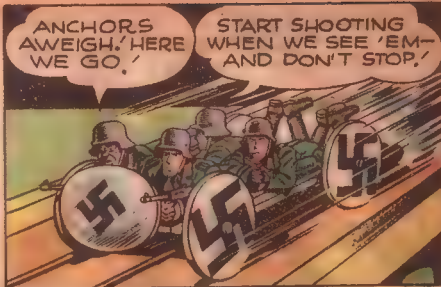


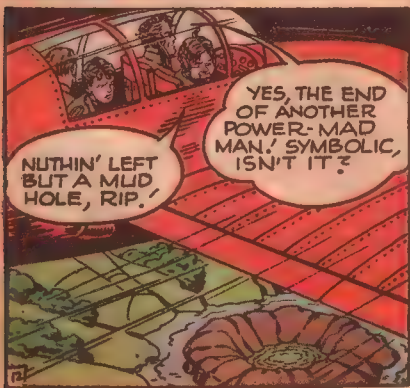
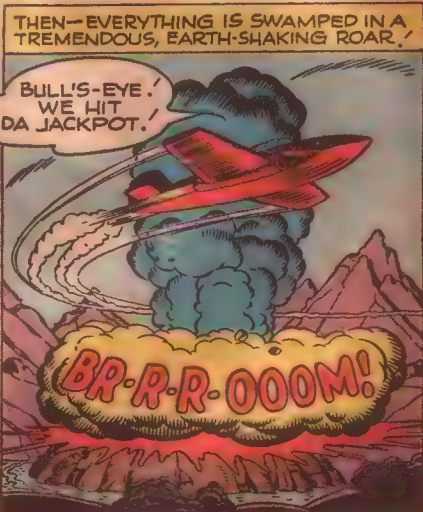
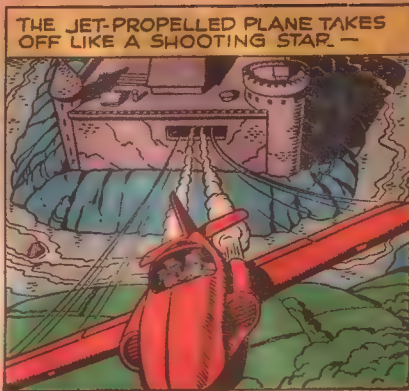




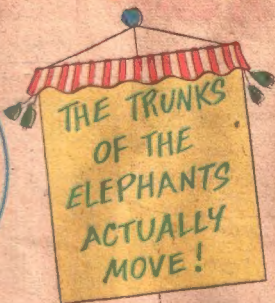
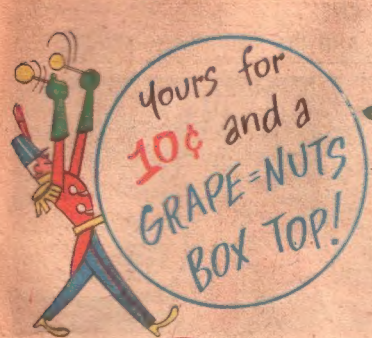




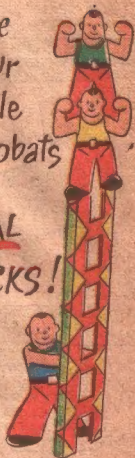




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ing kangaroo, a seal that balances a ball, two horses with bareback riders, three funny clowns, two monkeys, two bears, and a big, bright-colored circus tent to house the whole show.

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HURRY!
HURRY!

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A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM McAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

DAPPER JACK'S
DREAM

OUT OF A STORY-PACKED SPORTS PAST... INTO THE PRESENT DAY... ZOOMS THOM McAN ON HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



HEY, FELLOWS! THIS TIME I'VE BROUGHT BACK A "SPORTS FLOP" STORY ABOUT ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREAT FIGHTERS... "DAPPER JACK"!

THE TIME--1900:



LOOKS GOOD, EH, JACK?

NEW PLAY STARRING

DAPPER JACK
FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING-- I'M FED UP WITH THAT WORD "FORMER." IT'S GOT TO BE "AGAIN"!

SO "DAPPER JACK" RETURNS TO THE RING AND FIGHTS THE CURRENT CHAMP!



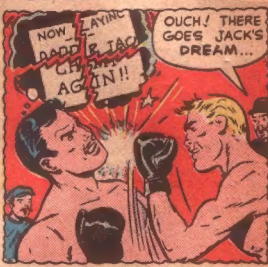
AFTER I WIN THIS FIGHT I'LL STAR IN A NEW PLAY... TOUR THE WORLD IN IT... MILLIONS WILL PAY TO SEE ME...

23RD ROUND...

ONE MORE ROUND AND THE FIGHT'S MINE... I CAN SEE IT NOW...



NOW PLAYING DAPPER JACK--CHAMP AGAIN!!



OUCH! THERE GOES JACK'S DREAM...

IT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT IN DAPPER JACK'S LIFE --AND DAY-DREAMING ABOUT VICTORY MADE HIM LOSE IT!



YOU SEE? YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GET CARELESS UP HERE!

NOR DOWN HERE EITHER, HUH, COACH?



RIGHT! SOMETIMES WITHOUT REALIZING IT, YOUNG ATHLETES DO PERMANENT HARM TO THEIR FAST-GROWING FEET-- BY WEARING SHOES THAT HAVE BECOME TOO SMALL! YOU CAN PREVENT THIS BY KEEPING CHECK ON YOUR FOOT-GROWTH WITH YOUR OWN THOM McAN "GRO-CHART".



YOU SEE, YOUR YOUNG FOOT-BONES DON'T "TELL" YOU IF THEY'RE BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY OUTGROWN SHOES--THEY'RE TOO SOFT TO "COMPLAIN." BUT YOUR THOM McAN "GRO-CHART" WARNS YOU THE SCIENTIFIC WAY WHEN YOU NEED LARGER SHOES.

YOU GET THIS SCIENTIFIC PROTECTION ONLY WITH THOM McAN SHOES. WITH EACH NEW PAIR YOU ARE GIVEN--FREE--YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART," SHOWING EXACTLY HOW MUCH "ROOM-TO-GROW" YOUR NEW THOM McANS ALLOW. MEASURE YOUR FEET ON IT OFTEN. WHEN THEY GROW TO THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU NEED LARGER-SIZE THOM McANS!

Thom McAn

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the treasure hunt of Bullseye Bend—guns and gunsters! We could go on and tell you about other articles such as how western movies are made—how to mount and saddle western style—how to decorate your room

western fashion—how to shoot correctly—but why not get your own copy? There's a limited supply, so hurry. Rush your coupon enclosing one thin dime (10c) and unused 3c



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